Lear. Thou think'ſt tis much, that this crulentious ſtorme
Inuades vs to the skin, ſo tis to thee,
But where the greater malady is fixt,
The leſſer is ſcarſe felt, thou would'ſt ſhun a Beare,
But if thy flight lay toward the raging ſea,
Thoud'ſt meete the beare it'h mouth, when the mind's free,
The bodies delicate, the tempeſt in my minde,
Doth from my ſences take all feeling elſe,
Saue what beares their filiall ingratitude,
Is it not as this mouth ſhould teare this hand
For lifting food to it? but I will puniſh ſure;
No I will weepe no more; in ſuch a night as this!
O *Regan*, *Gonorill*, your old kinde father
Whoſe franke heart gaue you all, O that way madneſſe lies,
Let me ſhunne that, no more of that.

Kent. Good my Lord enter.

Lear. Prethee go in thy ſelfe, ſeeke thy owne eaſe,
This tempeſt will not giue me leaue to ponder
On things would hurt me more, but Ile go in,
Poore naked wretches, where ſo ere you are
That bide the pelting of this pittileſſe night,
How ſhall your houſe-leſſe heads, and vnfed ſides,
Your loopt and windowed raggedneſſe defend you
From ſeaſons ſuch as theſe, O I haue tane
Too little care of this, take phyſicke pompe,
Expoſe thy ſelfe to feele what wretches feele,
That thou maiſt ſhake the ſuperflux to them,
And ſhew the heauens more iuſt.

Foole. Come not in here Nunckle, here's a ſpirit, helpe me, help me.

Kent. Giue me thy hand, who's there?

Foole. A ſpirit, he ſayes his name is poore *Tom*.

Kent. What art thou that doſt grumble there in the ſtraw? come foorth.

Edg. Away, the foule fiend followes me; through the ſharpe hathorne blowes the cold winde, goe to thy cold bed & warme thee,

Lear.

Lear. Haſt thou giuen all to
come to this?

Edg. Who giues any thing
fiend hath led through fire, and
ore bog and quagmire, that has
halters in his pue, ſet ratsbane
of heart, to ride on a bay trotti
es, to courſe his owne ſhadow
Toms a cold, bleſſe thee from w
taking, do poore *Tom* ſome cha
there could I haue him now, ar

Lear. What, his daughters b
Couldſt thou ſaue nothing? d

Foole. Nay he reſerued a bla
med.

Lear. Now all the plagues t
Hang fated ore mens faults, fa

Kent. He hath no daughters

Lear. Death traitor, nothin
To ſuch a lowneſſe, but his vn
Is it the faſhion that diſcarde
Should haue thus little mercy
Iudicious puniſhment, twas t
Begot thoſe Pelicane daught

Edg. Pilicock ſate on pelic

Foole. This cold night will

Edg. Take heed of the foul
words iuſtly, ſweare not, con
ſet not thy ſweet heart on pr

Lear. What haſt thou been

Edg. A ſeruingman, proud
haire, wore gloues in my cap
and did the acte of darkneſſe
ſpake words, and broke th
that ſlept in the contriuing o
ued I deepely, dice dearely
Turke, falſe of heart, light o

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